

[ORIGINAL.]

## SONNETS.—ALBUM DEDICATION.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN JYTS

Blessed these leaves, whereon each glowing heart  
 Hath left its impress, warm with radiant thought!  
 Blessed these lines, from pure affection caught,  
 And shadowed here, true pleasure to impart!  
 Ay, doubly blest—for no fottitious art  
 Dissembles here in holy Friendship's guise:  
 But Friendship's self, all glorious to the eyes,  
 Fills every page, and sanctifies each part.  
 And as when autumn winds have swept the field,  
 And scattered o'er its face the golden leaves,  
 Behold within this treasury revealed  
 The fabric which each friend-magician weaves,  
 The golden leaves of thought—a garner rich with sheaves!

And O, if thou, who by these gifts art blest—  
 Lady, for whom we weave this cloth of gold—  
 Shouldst feel, as haply thou in days of old  
 Hast felt, remorseless Sorrow's stern behest;  
 When hearts which love thee now grow chill and cold,  
 Perchance with death, or, worse, with black distrust;  
 When eyes which laughed with thine are turned to dust;  
 When life itself becomes a story told:  
 Then, while the air is filled with falling rain,  
 And dark the skies with canopy of night;  
 When weary, watching eyes can see no light,  
 Turn to the sunshine here, and yet again,  
 Read, smile, rejoice, and say, "I am not blest in vain!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

In the fall of 1854 I was travelling through the Northwestern States as collecting agent for a mercantile house in New York. The terminus of my journey was St. Pauls, Minnesota; and I had completed my business there, and was on my return by a different route than that by which I had travelled out—taking instead, the railway leading down through the central portion of Wisconsin. A long day's ride had wearied me, and at nightfall I reached the thriving city of B—, on the southwestern line of the State, where I designed to stop one night.

Partaking of an excellent supper at the well-kept hotel which I had made my quarters, I shortly retired to my room, for I was more than ordinarily fatigued with my day's travel. Sleep never folds one so closely in its embrace, as when he has wearied both the mental and physical system with exertion; and never was it more refreshing to me, than during the long slumber into which I shortly fell. It must have been after midnight, when I was awakened by the sound of many footsteps hastening rapidly along the pass-

ges past my door. At first, thinking the sound occasioned by the incoming of some belated boarders, I prepared to sink to sleep again; but suddenly a heavy knock came on my door, and a voice which I recognized as that of the porter who had shown me to my room on the preceding evening, exclaimed in hasty, agitated accents:

"Get up, sir! There has been a murder close by!"

Springing to the floor, I hastily dressed myself and joined the throng swelling through the halls, and down through the office, out the door to a house situated close under the shadow of the hotel.

There were some twenty-five or thirty of the gentlemen boarders and strangers stopping at the hotel, who had been summoned from their beds by the affrighted porter, present at the house when I entered, and already some of the circumstances of the midnight tragedy were being related. It seems that several piercing shrieks, following each other in quick succession, had startled the porter dozing by the office fire, lingering for the arrival of the late night train—and he had summoned the inmates of the house—then hastened to the scene. And it was, in truth, the terrible drama of midnight murder, which he had feared, that we gazed upon. The proprietor of the neat cottage house, Mr. Newhall, a gentleman in easy circumstances, lay on the floor of the apartment adjoining his bedroom, his body stabbed with several dangerous wounds, and a pool of blood on the carpet. He was senseless and speechless, although life was not yet extinct. There were marks of a scuffle in the overturned chairs and disarranged furniture—and in the bedroom, where the burglar had apparently entered through an open window, an open money-trunk stood rifled of its contents, and Mr. Newhall's pistol lay in a distant corner, on the floor. Most probably it had been wrenched from him by the robber when discovered by the awakened man, who must have sprung from his bed upon him, for Mr. Newhall was a man of great courage and personal strength.

There was but one other member of the household present—a Norwegian servant-girl, who was half stupefied with fright and terror, and who had hardly gained the scene of the tragedy before the arrival of the hotel occupants close by, summoned by the few loud screams her master had uttered before relapsing into his insensible state. Mr. Newhall, being a bachelor, had no other family, save a niece whom he had adopted, and who had left him a few days previous, on a visit to some friends in Madison. On looking still more closely about the bedroom, a small dark-lantern,

with the light extinguished, and which had doubtless been dropped in the melee, was found. But this, bearing no name, gave no clue to the murderer. A physician was soon on the spot to dress the wounds of Mr. Newhall, but he gave as his opinion that he could not recover, although he might lie thus several days.

The night was dark and chilly, and it seemed utterly out of the question to attempt the discovery of the assassin till daylight, though the strongest excitement prevailed—for the wounded man had been a much-esteemed citizen of B—. But with the first streak of dawn, the police were on the alert, and bands of private citizens organized themselves together to lend aid. Fresh discoveries were made with the daylight. Spots of blood were found on the sill of the window through which the murderer had probably made his egress in escaping—and on the plank walk over which he must have passed in his exit from the premises, bore also the same sanguinary marks, while up the street, on a small pile of lumber by the wayside, was the print of a bloody hand—as if the assassin had paused a moment to rest, and in rising, had used that hand to assist himself. Further than these, no evidences were found, and these were but slight, whereby to obtain clue to the murderer.

About noon a report was spread that a large pocket-dirk had been found beneath the lumber by Dick Stein, a Dutchman, and a man well known about town as a hanger-on to taverns, as well as a gambler. This proved true. And the startling fact that the dirk bore the name of "J. Sherwood," ran like wildfire about the town. James Sherwood was a young lawyer by profession, who had been in B— about a year—a nephew and favorite of Mr. Newhall, and supposed to be betrothed to his cousin, Miss Newhall. He had always borne a high character—though several citizens (now that the knowledge of the finding of the knife became public) stated that of late he had neglected his business, and had been heard of as a frequenter of Parkhurst's gambling saloon—a noted resort for the fast and moneyed young men of the place.

But here was fearful evidence against him. Doubtless he had worn out the generosity of his uncle—had been refused in his demands for money to refund his losses at the gaming table, and at length driven to desperation, had been tempted to enter the house, with whose precincts he was so well acquainted, in the dark midnight, with intent to rifle the money-trunk, when his uncle awaking, there had followed the fearful and deadly struggle which had ended so tragically. This was the conclusion of all. And though

young Sherwood had rushed from his boarding-house, in a distant part of the city, to his uncle's house about an hour after the tragedy, and had stood all the forenoon like one stupefied with intense grief over the bed whereon his uncle lay, this was only deemed a piece of acting, assumed to cover his fiendish atrocity.

When the officers entered, and arrested him as the murderer, he seemed paralyzed, and then fell in a dead faint upon the floor. In that state of insensibility he was borne away to the lock-up, preparatory to his conveyance to the county jail at Janesville, at which city his trial was to be held—while the people of B— were left with the one exciting topic of the murder as the theme of conversation.

An indictment was immediately got out against James Sherwood for the murder of William Newhall; and the fall term of the court being at that time in session at Janesville, the trial came on within the week. A number of the citizens of B— went up to attend it also. More than ordinary interest for the accused had been awakened in my mind. Spite of the array of circumstances against him, I could not bring myself to believe in his guilt. I was present when the officers took him; and to my mind, the horror-stricken face and paralyzed tongue which hindered any attempt at refutation of the terrible charge, which fastened conviction of his guilt upon others, seemed but proofs of natural surprise and agitation. Surely, I thought, that frank, manly brow never enshrined the brain which conceived the idea of theft—that hand, which had so often grasped his kind relative's in the clasp of consanguinity, never sent home a deadly weapon to his breast. But I was only a stranger, and what was my opinion in face of the great wave of evidence upraised against him? Nothing was left me but to follow the bent of his affairs with painful interest.

At ten o'clock of the forenoon, two days after, the trial came on. The court-room was crowded to suffocation—every niche, window-seat and doorway being packed with an array of human faces. The prisoner was brought in and placed in his box; the judge took his seat; silence was proclaimed; the jury were empanelled, and the indictment read against the prisoner, who sat, pale and haggard, looking years older than when I saw him last. The first witness on the stand was the Dutchman, Stein. He testified that while looking over the lumber, and examining the bloody prints on the boards, on the forenoon succeeding the murder, the knife had dropped down from between a tier of planks where it had been thrust. On examining it, the name en-

graved on the handle met his eye, and he had at once given information of his discovery.

Another witness was then produced—the landlady of the boarding-house where the prisoner had made his home—who testified that on the evening of the murder of Mr. Newhall, the accused had come in very late, long after midnight, and proceeded as usual to his room. He had not breakfasted with her, being summoned from his bed by news of his uncle's murder. When the officers came to inform her of his subsequent arrest for the crime, she proceeded with them to his room, when the premises were searched. A handkerchief stained with blood was found in the lid of his trunk—spots of blood were on the sleeve of a shirt he had removed, and the chambermaid testified that the same were visible upon the towels she had that morning taken from his room; also, there were two or three upon the sink. This concluded the evidence.

The attorney for the prosecution then rose. He was an able man, and well versed in his case. In commencing his address, he spoke of the rapid downfall of the prisoner from the upright walks of life—his neglect of business, which led to evil paths and associates—his love for the gaming table, where, he was prepared to prove, he had passed the evening preceding the murder, and met with heavy losses—his subsequent departure from that resort, in a state of mind which had probably induced the idea of theft to obtain the means to meet those losses—the next scene in the bed-chamber of the wounded man—his surprise and anguish on being roused from slumber to behold his nephew a robber—his exclamations, and the ensuing struggle between the two—the extinguishing of the lantern, and then the terrible stroke which left him wounded unto death, while the assassin fled through the nearest window; not, however, until the life-blood of the wounded man had dripped from his hand, leaving behind the spots which were to go toward proving his guilt. Then came the strongest link in the chain. The evidence of the bloody knife bearing his initials, which had been accidentally found by Stein, and which had been produced in court. What more was needed? The chain of circumstantial evidence seemed complete; but he could furnish more. The handkerchief of the prisoner had been found by the mistress of his boarding-house, covered with blood and concealed in his trunk; and spots of blood were also found upon the sink, and on the towels he had used in washing. These were the facts he had to lay before the jury. And after listening to evidence in favor of the prisoner, if he had such to offer, he would leave them to make their decision.

Every eye was now turned toward the prisoner. He was terribly pale, and his long, wavy, brown hair, brushed back from his temples, revealed a face whose expression certainly betokened anything but the character of a villain. I failed to read upon it that common look of recklessness so peculiar to fast young men, and which one might have expected from the account given of his late associations. Instead, I saw anguish, shame, and a combination of every emotion which would naturally be imprinted upon the countenance of a high-spirited, impulsive young man, who in an evil hour, had mingled with associates and yielded to influences which had tainted his name, and now had brought him to the terrible charge under which he stood arraigned. The lawyer retained for the defence, stated that he had but one witness to produce in favor of the prisoner, but in the estimation of a discriminating public, his testimony would be sufficient to remove the terrible and unjust charge under which the accused was suffering. This witness then took the stand. He was a young man, the most intimate friend of Sherwood, of good standing in society.

He testified that on the night of the murder, he had been with his friend in his office until eleven o'clock, when the two went out together, and, passing Parkhurst's saloon, Sherwood proposed entering for a few moments, but declared he had no intention of playing. A short time after entering, however, Dick Stein bantered Sherwood to a game of billiards. They played out, and for a wonder, the Dutchman lost. Apparently angry at this, he insinuated that his opponent had used trickery, and challenged him to another game. Sherwood refused, and was turning away, using the expression that "he had already forgotten himself in playing at all with a low Dutchman." This enraged Stein, who began a quarrel; and finding that Sherwood took no notice of him, but was passing out, he sprang upon him, and hurled a glass tumbler, which he had caught up from the bar, at his head. Sherwood raised his hand to ward it off, and then turned and collared his assailant. Quite a scuffle ensued, when the Dutchman crying for quarter, Sherwood released him. And after cautioning him to keep out of his path in future, they passed out into the street. His friend had treated the whole affair lightly, laughing it off, and averring that "after all, he had proved the greater fool of the two, in meddling with a drunken Dutchman." He had also expressed his intention of avoiding the billiard saloon in the future, and abstaining from dissipation of all kinds. He had seen him take out his handkerchief and bind it about his

hand, with the remark, "I believe that rascal cut my hand with that tumbler." This accounted for the stains upon it. They then walked up the street, and he left him at the door of his boarding-house. It was one o'clock when he reached his own home. He then retired from the stand.

After he had concluded, the prisoner arose, saying that he had a few words to offer in addition to the testimony given. With shame, he acknowledged that his visit to the saloon had been the occasion of his encounter with Stein, and thus the cause of his implication in the terrible crime which had so shocked the community, but none more than himself. He could only account for the fact of his knife's being found secreted under the lumber, by affirming that the real murderer had placed it there, with the double intention of escaping from the guilt himself, and fastening the stigma upon another from motives of revenge. He had missed his knife after his return from the saloon, but had not thought its loss important until arrested. Then, it flashed over him that it must have fallen, or been wrested from his breast pocket, in the scuffle with Stein, and afterward used as the instrument of his uncle's murder, and then produced as an evidence against himself. He had nothing more to say in self-defence. The evidence already given he believed sufficient to convince the jury, the court, and entire public of his innocence of the terrible crime with which he stood charged.

After Sherwood had ceased, there was a murmur of applause throughout the court. Countenances began to brighten, the tide of opinion was turning in his favor, and whispers expressive of their belief in his innocence, after all, began to circulate through the crowd.

Dick Stein, evidently half-stunned by this new turn of affairs, was creeping silently from the court-room, when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and he was under arrest. Turning doggedly, and with an assumed air of indifference, he affected to laugh at the evidence of the prisoner, but was met with such a stern expression on the officer's face, that he submitted. In his stolidity, or ignorance of our laws, the Dutchman had not counted upon any fact, save that of the knife's being found, as evidence in the case. In a few minutes he was occupying a place near the prisoner's box, awaiting the decision of the court for Sherwood.

At this moment, the physician who had been in attendance upon the murdered man, appeared in court. Huste was visible in his manner, and agitation upon his countenance. At his request, he was immediately placed upon the witness-

stand. He had ridden rapidly to Jamestown to save an innocent man. A singular and unlooked-for change had taken place in Mr. Newhall. As by a miracle, while his niece was watching and weeping over the body of her uncle, he had revived and spoken. It was like an awaking from the dead. Miss Newhall had rushed from the house in terror; then, her alarm over, she had as quickly returned, rejoiced to hear again her uncle's beloved voice. The physician had been summoned, and his surprise was extreme at hearing utterance from lips he had supposed closed forever.

"Have they taken him?" was the first query of Mr. Newhall.

"Who—the murderer?" the physician asked.

"The thief—Stein. He broke open my money-trunk. Have they got him? Why don't James go after him?" was his next question, in faintest whispers. "Have I been hurt? O, I remember, that knife!" he said afterward, putting his hand to his head, and shuddering. Then he had relapsed into an insensible state. The physician could not tell if he would live. He might, nothing seemed impossible now. He would now return to him; he had left him in charge of a brother physician; the court now knew the real murderer, and had but to let the wrongfully-accused go free.

It is impossible to describe the sensation which pervaded the mass of human beings in that great, crowded court-room. A great shout, like the roar of a sea-wave, went up. Then, despising the ceremony of a formal acquittal by the jury, they surged forward, strong men took the prisoner from the box, seated him upon their shoulders, and bore him in triumph from the court-house, through the streets, to the depot, where the afternoon train lay, just starting for B—. With enthusiastic cheers, they gathered about him, escorting him on board the train; and the air was vociferous with shouts till the huge iron steed had borne him beyond their sight. "I sat near him, where I could look full upon his face during that fourteen miles' ride, and never before or since have I ever gazed upon a countenance so literally transfigured with emotions of gratitude as that young man's."

"The last eight-and-forty hours have been like a horrible dream to me," I overheard him say to his friend, as we stepped to the platform of the B— depot, on the arrival of the train, "a horrible dream! Before God, I swear never again to set foot in a gambling saloon!"

And he kept his word. That was five years ago. I have since travelled among the Western States, and have heard of James Sherwood, as

a talented and rising lawyer in Wisconsin, and as upright and blameless in his private life, as he is fair and open in his political career. Shortly after his acquittal he married his cousin, Miss Newhall, to whom he had long been attached, and to-day his home is among the happiest of the many happy firesides at the West.

Strange to chronicle, Mr. Newhall recovered miraculously from his wounds, and thenceforth made his home with his adopted children, who will be heirs to his wealth.

The Dutchman, Stein, who at first was with difficulty kept from the lynch law of the excited populace, was duly put upon trial, found guilty of the crime of burglary, with intent to murder, and then remanded back to prison, to await the recovery or decease of the wounded man, and upon his recovery was sentenced to a term of several years' imprisonment in the penitentiary of the State, where he still serves out the sentence for his crimes.

#### SCENERY OF CEYLON.

Ceylon, from whatever direction it may be approached, unfolds a scene of loveliness and grandeur unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe. The traveller from Bengal, leaving behind the melancholy delta of the Ganges and the torrid coast of Coromandel, or the adventurer from Europe, recently inured to the sands of Egypt and the scorched headlands of Arabia, is alike entranced by the vision of beauty which expands before him as the island rises from the sea, its lofty mountains covered by luxuriant forests, and its shores, till they meet the ripple of the waves, bright with the foliage of perpetual spring. The Brahmins designated it by the epithet of Lanka, "the resplendent;" the Buddhist poets gracefully apostrophized it as "a pearl upon the brow of India;" the Chinese knew it as the "Island of Jewels;" the Greeks as the "land of the hyacinth and the ruby;" the Mohammedans, in the intensity of their delight, assigned it to the exiled parents of mankind as a new elysium to console them for the loss of Paradise; and the early navigators of Europe, as they returned dazzled with its gems and laden with its costly spices, propagated the fable that far to seaward the very breeze that blew from it was redolent of perfume. In later and less imaginative times Ceylon has still maintained the renown of its attractions, and exhibits, in all its varied charms, "the highest conceivable development of Indian nature."—*Sir Emerson Tennent.*

#### TO A CHILD.

Ere thou wast born "into this breathing world,"  
God wrote some characters upon thy heart.  
O, let them not, like beads of dew empearled  
On morning blades, before the noon depart!

But morning drops before the noon exhale,  
And yet those drops appear again at even;  
So childish innocence on earth must fall,  
Yet may return to usher thee to heaven.

COLERIDGE.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### OF OLD.

BY EDWIN S. LECOMBE.

The scene is an old one—  
It comes but of dreaming  
Of times that have wandered with gladness away,  
When youth had its vigor,  
And young life was teeming  
With joys that were fleet as the sunshine of day.

Where the violet bloomed,  
In its then beauteous blooming.  
'Neath the sheltering shade of a wide-spreading tree,  
My idol of life,  
With heart unassuming,  
Murmured softly her love for the flower—and for me,

The bright bird above  
Hushed its sweet singing,  
Enraptured by music so akin to its own;  
And the rivulet's voice  
Appeared to be bringing  
A welcome to love in its clear, softened tone.

O heart, 'twas a sunbeam  
But given to morn'ing;  
The calm ere a storm oppresses the sea;  
A pure ray of light,  
That enveloped the warning  
Of clouds which ere nightfall would desolate thee!

[ORIGINAL.]

#### THE "LAST OF HIS RACE."

BY DONALD M'CLEURE.

"WHAT is the baron lighting up the old hall so splendidly for to-night?" asked Albert Von Hapsburg of his friend, as the two youths, students of the university, strolled at twilight along the road ending in the grand avenue that formed the approach to Castle Hohenberg.

"It is his birth-night, I believe," said Auguste Meisel, "and he is very particular to celebrate it. I have heard of some prophecy which is to be fulfilled on one of these anniversaries, and that he believes it. Therefore on these days, he surrounds himself with troops of people, in order to dissipate, if possible, the low spirits in which he would otherwise indulge."

"Right! The baron is judicious. To keep off evil spirits by pouring down good spirits, is the very height of wisdom. Commend me to the Baron Von Hohenberg forever."

"By the by, Albert, I have been bidden, but had nearly forgotten it. And as my brother is quite intimate with the baron, I will venture to invite you to go in with me for an hour or two. We can leave the castle long before the university bell calls us to prayers."

"If I thought I should be welcome, I should like nothing better."

"We will go early then, so that I can introduce you to the baron without witnesses."

The two young men walked up the avenue, stopping a moment to admire the effect of the intense light of a hundred wax candles upon the stained window-panes. Through a single diamond pane of clear, white glass, they beheld some one pacing the broad floor of the immense hall.

"That is the baron himself," whispered Auguste.

"That little deformed hunchback, with such long arms like an ape?" asked his friend.

"None other. And some say his mind is as deformed as his body—but my brother says there is yet a spark of the divine within him."

As he spoke, they went up the broad flight of stone steps that led to the flower-wreathed conservatory. This was a vast room, the walls of which were of glass, and completely filled with flowers and plants of the costliest kinds. Passing through these, they entered the vast hall itself, where the baron was still restlessly walking. At times he stopped before the folding doors of the large dining-hall beyond, and chided the servants for some fancied negligence, or careless handling of the superb plate with which they were setting forth the tables. A lackey who was waiting in the entrance, relieved the students of their caps and mantles, and ushered them into the presence of his master, calling out their names in a stentorian voice.

The baron welcomed the young man, but there was still a cold, sarcastic meaning in the dull blue eyes, that said there was no true heart in the welcome. More company arriving on the instant, the two youths fell back into a quiet corner and watched the proceedings with curious eyes. Meantime, the servants were making their own observations in the kitchen.

"Master is in bad humor to-night, Andreas," said the cook. "Nothing but fussing and fretting all this day. One would think he was going to have the king to sup with him, or, at least, a party of women, he is so fussy and particular."

"Women!" echoed Michael Gausrager, the privileged person within it. "Women! it will be long enough before a petticoat angel flies into Hohenberg. Its master has not just the figure, or face either, to attract the lovely creatures."

"Hold thy prate, old Goose-neck," answered the cook. "I doubt me not that even the baron could find a wife—a young and handsome one, too, for all his humpy shoulders."

Michael stretched his long neck, which had

given him his surname of Gausrager (Goose-neck), over the long table on which the cook was preparing the various luxuries of the feast, and said in a significant tone: "Ay, but he cannot marry now, if he would."

"Thou art rightly called a fool, Gausrager—what should hinder him if he be so inclined, I should like to know?"

"Hark! Don't tell, Peter—but the baron wont be alive after to-night."

"What has put that mischief into that foolish head of yours? Mind he doesn't hear you, or I would not give a duck's claw for your life."

"Pooh! that old gipsy told him so. I heard her myself. Didn't the baron turn pale when she said that?"

"Why, did she foretell it for to-night?" asked the cook, his curiosity mastering the dignity which he always tried to maintain towards Michael.

The buffoon executed a grimace. "What would thee give me to tell?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing," said Peter, assuming his usual stiff and pompous manner. "Get thee out of the kitchen, and don't let me see thee again, until this feast is well-nigh over. Up to thy loft, fellow, and if thou want to see the fun, thou hast naught to do but croon thy long neck over the window-frame, and enjoy the sight and smell as much as the rest."

Michael looked down at the long rows of tempting dishes that were nearly ready to serve, and pleaded with the cook to let him stay, but without effect; so he crept off unwillingly to his eyrie in the roof.

Soon the wassail and tumult began in the grand hall. When the guests were in the height of their enjoyment, and only waiting for the master to name the leading toast, the baron was seen to grow pale. He begged to be excused for a moment. Several of his friends rose to lead him from the room, but he waved them back, and taking the arm of his relative, Baron Von Thalberg, lord lieutenant of the county, he left the room and entered the cool retreat of the conservatory. Here he sat down, while the renewed sounds of merriment from the hall came upon his ear.

"Leave me, cousin," he said. "Go back and play the part of host to them for a few moments. This cool air revives me, and I will soon be with you all again."

Left alone, he threw himself upon a cushioned bench among the flowers and inhaled their sweet perfume. One rare flower had that day bloomed, whose fragrance brought to mind a host of memories long buried. This plant had never bloe-

somed—since the day on which his gentle sister Helena had died. Then came back the gipsy's prophecy—that mysterious and awful warning to spend *this* day in the silence of his own room, in prayerful meditation, and the strange, dark hint that it *might* be the last. As he lay there, a strain of wild, delicious music was wafted to his ear. There was a noble band stationed in the hall, but this did not seem to proceed from thence. It was a softer, more plaintive strain, and seemed to thrill through his very being. When it ceased, he abandoned himself again to memory.

"And this is life!" he mused. "To wear the galling chain of deformity and ugliness for thirty-two suffering years, and then to dread the parting from it! 'Here lies the hunchback,' may be written over me perhaps, or uttered by lips that now flatter me. What said the gipsy? That no woman's love would ever be mine. That, wise and learned as I thought myself, I should lose my life by a fool, and on a birthday, too—perhaps this one. And yet I *could* have loved a woman! Yes, fervently, sincerely loved a woman like my sweet sister. Alas, there is not one in all this vast world who could love the hunchback. Well, I will go back to the table and drown these horrible fancies that are possessing me, in a bumper of my own old Rhenish, pledged by the dear friends who so kindly help me to dispose of it. Friends!" he added, with bitter, biting scorn, "friends! I wonder how many of them would stay with me when my last flagon of wine should be exhausted?"

He rose heavily from the couch and passed through a small ante-room, in which a wood-fire was smouldering into red-hot coals. He had become chilled by the cool air of the conservatory, and now lingered a moment to enjoy the kindly warmth. As he sat there, the decaying sparks renewed his strange fancies. He thought they were types of his vanishing life, and as the heavy brands fell, he seemed to hear the sound of the clods upon his own coffin! With a deep groan of anguish he rushed into the hall, thankful to dissipate his imaginings by the presence of others. Even there, the guests seemed to assume the semblance of mourners, and the red flag that waved over the table wore the hue of black and seemed like a pall.

He rallied when the guests loudly cheered their host, and advancing to the head of the table, he drank off a brimming glass of wine. It was swift and potent in its effects, and it loosened his hitherto powerless tongue. He even related to them the history of the past fearful half-hour—told them of the gipsy Moraima's prediction, and his own foolish fancies in consequence.

"Ha, ha! well said, baron!" echoed from every corner of the wide hall, as the guests lifted the sparkling glasses to their lips, and drank to the health of *the future Baroness of Hohenberg!*

"Good heavens!" said one of the baron's "dear friends," speaking aside to his next neighbor, "good heavens! what a figure for a woman to love!" And, unseen by the host, he twisted his own superb shoulders into an exaggerated likeness of the hunchback.

The tumult still rose. Voices grew louder and mingled with the crash of glasses and the rattling of silver. And when the din was at the highest, some one called loudly for the merry-andrew, Michael Gausrager. The host sent for him, but no one knew where he was to be found. The little maid, Lena, knew well enough where poor Michael had been sent, and she had carried him food and wine secretly. Peter had forgotten that it was by his order that the buffoon had gone away, and the rest of the servants pleaded ignorance of his whereabouts.

No Catholic was ever so reverent to his patron saint, as was Michael to little Lena. He thought her an angel in human shape, and when she ran up to his door and whispered to him not to come down to the drunken crew who were clamoring for him, lest they should now ill-treat him for the delay, he blessed her a thousand times. Visions of weary miles' walking on a wintry road, such as his master's guests had often submitted him to, made him cower into his dark and cold room when she had gone away, and when he heard a noise as of some one ascending the stairs, he longed to call her back to suggest some new hiding-place. His heart beat quicker when he heard the baron's voice calling for a piece of rope. He was to be beaten if he could be found, he well knew. Fear sharpened all his senses, and he heard the trailing of a rope upon the floor near where he was hiding, but still outside his door, which he had contrived to fasten, but which he knew the strong arms of these excited men could easily pull open. Soon he heard the rope applied to the handle of the door, and his master's voice saying: "Let me alone, I can open it." He shuddered, for he knew the rope well. It was a rotten bell-rope, formerly used in the tower, and had been tied in innumerable knots, which in fancy he felt upon his back.

"Huzza! huzza!" resounded from the guests at the bottom of the stairs, as the baron succeeded in tying the rope to the handle of the door.

There was a dead silence after this, then a creaking sound as if the rope were parting, and then a noise of a log of wood being thrown down

the steep staircase. He knew no more. Insensibility had mercifully closed his eyes.

Meanwhile, the guests were suddenly sobered by the falling of their host. With uplifted hands they stood below, as the poor, distorted body came heavily over the stairs and landed on the marble floor at their feet. When they raised the head, death was impressed upon the ghastly features. The gipsy's prophecy had come to pass, and the last Von Hohenberg was gone to his account. A few of the most sober and reflective among the company, stayed to give their presence and assistance to the bewildered servants; but the rest, terrified and amazed, left the castle precipitately. The hunchback lay in state during the following week. All that his diseased mind had suggested, came true. The funeral pall canopied the state-bed, the coffin, with the shield and helmet, which the custom of his family had rendered indispensable to be laid upon it, and the indescribable odor of death which had so pained him in his imaginary struggle the night before, all were palpable to the senses of those who came to look upon him.

It was on the first day of February, 1728, that the last of the race of Hohenberg expired. It was on his birthday, too, and as Moraima had prophesied, he came to his death by a fool!

Trembling, half-fainting, cold and miserable, little Lena found her charge. Gently and considerately, she gradually acquainted him with his master's death, and took him kindly away from the scene of excitement to the home of her own relatives. When she married, she induced her husband, a good-natured, ease-loving German, to allow Michael a home in their pretty cottage. Kindness and care, combined with quiet industry and regular habits, soon changed the buffoon into a healthy and respectable youth. Only in his sleep was he visited with dim fears, and often he would cry out that the baron was falling. When he was just passing over the threshold of manhood, and the hearts of Lena's little children had become securely bound to him, he suddenly wilted beneath the touch of sickness. Like an angel, his kind benefactress hovered about his feverish pillow, wiped the death-dews from his forehead and closed his dying eyes.

In the funeral-vault of Hohenberg, there were two coffins side by side. One bore the inscription, "Charles Joseph Baron Von Hohenberg, the last of his race. Died on his 32d birthday, February 1, 1728."

On the other, more simple in its adornments, was inscribed, "Michael Albert Von Hohenberg, died March 18, 1734."

It was not known until after poor Michael's

death, that he was the baron's brother, and that the inheritance rightfully belonged to him. One person only was partly cognizant of the fact, and the baron had bound him by a solemn oath never to name his suspicion to any living being. When Michael died, he felt absolved from further concealment, and suggested to Lena that her protegee should receive those posthumous honors which had never been accorded to him in life. The castle had stood empty since the death of Charles Von Hohenberg; but the lord lieutenant willed that the body of him who was in reality *the last of his race*, should be carried into the grand hall and laid in such state as had that of his elder brother.

Tears, such as no mortal ever shed over the tomb of the latter, fell upon Michael's, from the eyes of the good Lena and her little ones. When the eldest daughter was sixteen, the emperor bestowed the castle upon a new favorite, and a son of the new family soon after married Claudine Bergen. This gentle girl was a second Lena, following in the footsteps of her mother. She made the young baron happy, and commemorated her attachment to the simple friend of her infancy, by naming her own child, Michael Albert.

A long life and a green old age awaited the gentle serving-girl of Hohenberg, who was now connected, by her daughter's marriage, with the grandest nobles of the land, and when she passed away, she, too, was laid in the same tomb with him she had so generously befriended.

#### LADY FRANKLIN.

Everybody must admit that Lady Franklin is not only an amiable, but a strong-minded woman, yet we have heard an anecdote of her sensibility, which is deeply affecting. A short time since, when her ladyship was waiting most anxiously to learn the fate of the brave men she had despatched in search of her husband, she fell ill, and a consultation of physicians was held at her residence. One of these gentlemen, whilst he felt her pulse, begged her ladyship would open her hand. Her frequent refusal occasioned him so much disappointment in ascertaining the precise state of her fever, that he took the liberty gently to expand the fingers, and he then perceived that they were grasping a small miniature of Sir John. "Madam," exclaimed the gentleman, with deep sympathy, "my prescription must be unavailing if you are determined to keep before your eyes an object, which although deservedly dear to you, serves to confirm the violence of your distressing symptoms." "Sir," replied the noble woman, "this picture has been my sole comfort-er ever since the departure of my husband, and I am determined it shall be inseparable until, if he be dead, I am so happy as to drop after him into the grave."—*European Times*.

Sin and retribution are as the substance and shadow, never far apart.



[ORIGINAL.]  
CHARLIE.

BY MRS. F. E. BARDOUR.

Gently and tenderly lay him to rest,  
Tiny hands folded upon the white breast;  
Sunny eyes closing, their light is all fled:  
Straighten the darling limbs—Charlie is dead!

Fold the robe closer about the still form,  
Press the cold lips which love's kiss cannot warm;  
Tears drop like rain on the beautiful head,  
Wild sobe are bursting, for Charlie is dead!

Dead to the weeping eyes watching him here;  
Dead as ye follow behind the black bier;  
Darkness and silence within the cold grave:  
Have ye forgotten the Hand which can save?

Never like this hath thy mother-heart bled  
With anguish that would not be comforted;  
No sorrow before but thy soul could say,  
"Thy will be done, Father, not mine, away!"

Wait, mother, in patience!—God pitieth thee,  
And watcheth thy struggles all tenderly:  
Till at last from this fearful cloud shall shine  
A beautiful faith in his love divine.

He was needed there, in the home of light,  
Where never is pain, and there is no night;  
He is waiting thee mid the shining band  
Of the ransomed ones in the better land.

[ORIGINAL.]

EVELYN'S WAITING.

BY GEO. D. SHEPARD.

It was a low, cheerful-looking room, with broad beam running across the ceiling, and very small windows with seats covered with chints. There was no lack of furniture, but it was rather substantial than handsome, and somewhat old-fashioned besides. On the wall hung two large portraits—so large that the frames came down far below where they ought to hang, and interfered with the setting back of chairs or sofa. There were two of the latter articles in the room—long and broad, and originally hard and uneasy, like all sofas of an ancient make, but more recently stuffed and covered with greater attention to ease and luxury. The windows were open, bringing in the sweet smell of honey-suckles and damask roses which grew profusely outside. Beyond was a little garden, homely and old-fashioned enough, but still pleasant from the wealth of vines and creeping shrubs that grew all over the stone wall, and the two great pear trees, the low currant bushes, and the profusion of white, pink and crimson hollyhocks,

intertwined with the graceful Belvideres and the stately princess's feather.

The portraits mentioned, were of a man in the full prime and vigor of life, and a woman, young, gentle, and mild-looking. Near them, suspended by a small cord, was the miniature likeness of a very lovely child, fair and fresh as the morning, with bright, wavy hair of golden brown, eyes of a soft hazel, and cheeks and lips that seemed made for loving kisses.

The three representatives of these pictures sat together in the quaint old room, somewhat altered from the time that had passed since they were painted, yet perfectly recognizable. The man's raven locks were sprinkled thickly with silver, the woman's were concealed under a cap, and the child, now grown to fair maiden, wore hers banded plainly over the ears and braided in a Grecian knot behind.

There was another child there, but of a mould and accent so different from the picture or its original, that no one would have thought them sisters. She was just passing the bounds that separate childhood from womanhood. Eyes and hair of the deepest black, a skin where the rose contended with the olive, and a form of fairy proportions belonged to Olive Rayner; while her air and manner were so fascinating, so *spirituelle*, so full of grace, and altogether so charming, that Evelyn had little chance of being admired when Olive was by. Yet, if not admired, Evelyn was loved; and to one of her unobtrusive ways, this was far more grateful. It was pretty to see the black curls of Olive Rayner tossed back in coquettish style, from a forehead that gleamed from under them like Parian marble; but the eye, after all, rested with deeper satisfaction upon Evelyn's plainly banded hair, just parted evenly upon her small and graceful head, with the thick, glossy knot behind, at the very spot which showed best its beautiful shape, and set off the rare beauty of the neck and ears.

Evelyn held in her hand a shell, upon which she was cutting an exquisite cameo likeness of her sister. This was Evelyn's art—her one and only trait of genius, shining out from amidst the calm beauty of her daily life. She had taken it up without instruction, and at first even without proper instruments, and her success was as admirable as it was surprising. Her father, immersed in business, did not wake up to the fact that his daughter was bidding fair to distinguish herself, until a reverse of fortune showed him how truly talented she was. He had leisure through a severe fit of ague, to observe how much she was capable of doing, and congratulated himself that whatever awaited him, Evelyn

would be sure to be independent. He was troubled thenceforth only for his gentle and amiable wife, and the wild, impetuous child, who needed a parent's ceaseless watch and ward. How would these two helpless beings bear to be poor and desolate? He might have known that Evelyn's heart was "open as day to melting charity," and that, when everything else had failed them, Evelyn would be all the world to them. But he did not think so, until he saw the beautiful cameo in his daughter's hand. He had been regarding it some time before he made out what it was. The light was not favorable, as he sat, and he fancied her merely toying with some article of jewelry from which she had taken the setting. But as she moved it forward, and took long and earnest looks at Olive, and then applied herself fervently to her work again, he cast a scrutinizing glance at what he now saw was a resemblance to his other daughter.

"What have you there, Evelyn?" he asked, with a degree of emotion very different from that which he had experienced half an hour before, when, dwelling on his own pecuniary troubles, so hard to be borne, because involving so many, he had almost shed tears.

"Olive's face, papa," she answered, in a low, sweet, silvery voice, extending it towards him.

He looked at it steadily, until happy tears came into his eyes, not so much called out by the perfect beauty of the face, as the thought that Evelyn could have done this, without his suspecting that she was an artist, and that she could have done it so admirably.

He passed it to the silent little woman opposite, and the wet tears were dropping upon it as he put it from him. Evelyn thought her father was growing weak and nervous. Her mother knew better how to interpret his emotion. It was midsummer, and Evelyn had forsaken her little hot room at the top of the house, where she usually worked, for the cool parlor below. But she now conducted her father to that retreat, where shells and casts and medallions lay around, and one or two figures moulded in clay and covered with wet cloths, were standing in the coolest corner of her studio.

"Naughty child, to conceal this from your father!" he said, tenderly kissing her cheek. "And yet it makes me happy, for now I shall feel safe in your ability to preserve yourself from want and poverty."

"Is it then so bad, dearest father?" asked Evelyn.

"Nothing can look much worse now, my child. I fear that this pleasant old place, which was my father's and grandfather's, and which

I fondly hoped to bequeath to my children, free and unincumbered, must now be sold to meet the demands of my creditors."

"Do not think so, father. Look at me! I am strong and well. I can do much, believe me. I have heard of many lately who require a good music-teacher. I can give lessons; and surely, if I am successful in Olive's head, I can do something more in that way."

Mr. Rayner shook his head, yet Evelyn could see that he was really made happy by her hopeful talk, and she continued her encouragement and cheerfulness.

"Olive is so beautiful, dear father, she must make many friends. Every one loves her so much, you know. My talents—(am I really talented, father?) If I am, her beauty and my talents must draw around us some who will surely patronise us in a school, or in some branch of professional art. Let us forget, father, that we have been very well off heretofore, and only remember that we have something to perform. We will begin directly." And the charming girl actually drew her father down stairs, to draw up a list of friends and acquaintances who might be likely to entrust their children to the care of Evelyn and Olive Rayner. Somehow, Olive did not seem so enthusiastic as she might have done. Her assent to Evelyn's proceedings was very languid, and she did not suggest anything of her own. Evelyn looked disappointed, and was ready to make any alteration in her plans that would suit her sister. All was received coldly; and Olive at length flatly refused having any voice in the matter at all.

"Do your own planning, Evelyn. I have no head for details. Besides, I cannot be supposed to be wise like you. And you really think we have strength and patience to teach music to Mrs. Barnard's two overgrown girls, who have not a particle of melody in their whole being—and to that poor, puny child of Mr. Ratford, who, I am certain, does not yet know a violin from a piano."

"Hush, Olive!" said Mrs. Rayner, who had hitherto remained silent. "Your sister's resolution is too noble to be treated with such levity. I am glad that one child, at least, has the good sense to appreciate the trials of her father, and the cheerful spirit which teaches her to help him to overcome them."

Olive's eyes filled with tears. "Say no more, dear mother," she said, brokenly; "depend on it, I shall be as ready as Evelyn to do all that I can to relieve poor papa from his embarrassments. I will keep school, or I will marry some rich old man, if that will do better, and make him allow

me a vast income, and you shall all share it with me. Will that do?"

"I trust you will have no such unpleasant sacrifice to make for us, Olive," said her father, smiling for the first time for many days. "Time may prove more lenient to us all than we expect. The first misfortune is always hardest to be borne."

The autumn saw the Rayner family still living in their own home. A large and flourishing school was already established in the cheerful old parlor, and Mr. Rayner and his wife were the principals. It was thought to be better thus, than for the two girls to meet such a responsibility alone. Each had a separate department, and the novelty and *éclat* which attended their efforts, reconciled Olive to the great change in their life. She was daily acquiring lessons, which in the lap of affluence and luxury she could never have learned, and in time she might make a noble character. Evelyn saw with delight, that Olive did not shrink from the task which she had so dreaded, and she drew a pleasant augury for the future from her own hopeful spirit, which saw all things rose-colored. Blessed quality of cheerfulness! which lights up the dark places of life with a sunny glow, and lines every cloud with silver. Evelyn had these thoughts often; but mingled intimately with them, was a remembrance, which, to say the least, was tinged with bitterness. Rising above all her hopes and aspirations, coming even between her and her filial love, and bringing a shade over her cheerful face, was the image of one who had fluttered in the hour of her sunshine, but had seemed to be missing in her day of trial.

Richard Delamere had been her childhood's dearest friend. In later years, he had never seemed to lose the memory of their childish hours and although he had never talked of a nearer tie than that of friend and brother, his words all had an import of tenderness, that would compel the most faithless to believe that Evelyn Rayner was to be his wife. In the day of their vicissitude, even common friends came to speak a word of cheer to the kindly old man, whose goodness and benevolence had endeared him to all—but Edward Delamere came not!

Gentle as Evelyn's nature had ever been, she was yet too proud to ask where he had gone—and from the time of her knowing his departure from town, she never spoke his name, even to Olive. Olive, awed by Evelyn's seriousness when anything relating to her friend was mentioned, was lost in wonder at the change which had come upon their social circle; and perhaps

nothing could have tended to sober the wild girl more than the thought that Evelyn might be unhappy. Otherwise, Evelyn's life flowed on the same as before. To all appearance, the chasm which he left, was filled up with new and engrossing cares; and only in the silence and darkness of the night watches, was Richard Delamere arraigned at the bar of Evelyn's judgment. Then every tender word and look, every allusion to the time when they should be more than all the world to each other, came back upon her heart with a meaning she had never attached to them at the time.

The school went on. Whether its success was owing to the mild and wise discipline of Mr. Rayner, or the loving and motherly care of his wife—to the gentle, winning ways of Evelyn, or the dashing, off-hand ways of Olive, so fascinating to the young girls under their instruction, and which insensibly they all imitated enough to put a dash of spirit and energy into the tamest of them—we do not know. But certainly, no school was ever more popular with the parents as well as the children. The Rayners reaped golden wheat from their experiment, and the harvest was the possession of the dear old home, bought back, with its pleasant surroundings, without foot of stranger having ever entered therein.

It was a day of crowning joy when it passed back again into their own hands. There was a pleasant gathering of friends and pupils; and Olive's rich beauty was the theme of every tongue, while Evelyn's goodness was in every heart. As might be expected, beauty won the day; for that night, Charles Trever bowed before the influence of Olive's attractions, and when the next golden autumn gathered in its sheaves, the wild and careless girl had come to make new sunshine in another's home.

They missed her playful rattle, and the old house seemed lonely when she was away. But a sadder interruption than that, broke up their school, and consigned Evelyn and her father to a deeper loneliness. Mrs. Rayner died—so gently and peacefully that her death seemed only another phase of her calm and beautiful life. Evelyn was now all in all to her father, and they sat down together to comfort and console each other. They were able now to give up all care, and with Mr. Rayner's growing years and infirmities, Evelyn felt that she had no right to seek for further gain, except in the quiet employment which had preceded her school-keeping days.

So the two sat in the beloved room, now their own, and doubly sanctified by the presence

which they *felt* but could not see. Mr. Rayner, after the first great burst of grief was over, went back to his early love of reading; and Evelyn took up her dreamy work of cameo-cutting.

One face of remembered beauty—the face that alone had ever worn the look she coveted—was reproduced again and again, when no eye was upon her work. In the day time, she wrought out fair and beautiful heads, that brought praises from her father's lips, very dear to Evelyn; but in the night, when Mr. Rayner was asleep, she worked to trace out features that were dearer still.

Years rolled on—and Evelyn's locks of golden brown were threaded here and there with silver. Her full, round figure had thinned, and there was a slight drooping that told of too little exercise in the open air. Yet she was not sad nor sorrowful. Least of all, was she fretful or morose. But life *did* sometimes seem tamer than her youthful imagination had pictured it, although, after an incursion of the Goths and Vandals, as Mr. Rayner playfully called a visit from Olive and her noisy, tearing children, her comparative quiet seemed very pleasant to her again.

Olive had just left them, and Mr. Rayner was indulging in the first sound nap which he had had for a whole week; and Evelyn, although it was afternoon, was still in her morning dress, making good the furniture which the little invaders had injured. It was an old habit of Evelyn's, that of singing at her work, and she had not at least forgotten or laid aside this instance of a cheerful and happy heart. She was singing now, in a low, musical voice, glancing now and then at her sleeping father, to see if she disturbed him, and at the same time, rubbing the stains of childish fingers from the old piano, until her cheeks glowed with the unwonted exercise.

A shadow passed the window, and she hushed her song. She turned, but saw no one near, although a dim, undefinable sensation of some presence unseen oppressed her. She pursued her work, and soon the same melting, soul-fraught melody issued from her lips. It was a song of long ago—one that she had often sung in her early youth. All at once, her thoughts went back to that youth, and as she glanced at her father's long white hair, the time seemed very long since she was young. Her heart went back to her early dream, and she took from a small box which was carefully locked, the carved likeness which memory had assisted her to fashion, and gazed long upon the well-remembered features.

Ye, who never knew what it was to lose the first bright hopes of youth, may laugh, if you please, at the gentle kiss which poor Evelyn be-

stowed on the chill white lips that met her view, and the brief sigh which she gave to the strange mystery of the past, so long unsolved! Laugh on! for a few fleeting moments will turn the scale, and she who wins may laugh! For there, within the room, alive, radiant with health, and looking with eyes of love upon the gentle spinster stands Richard Delamere!

"Forgotten you? no, Evelyn! not for one instant; but I was poor when the heavy stroke fell upon your father, and I took a vow that I would yet make him rich. I would not see you, for I knew that I could not bear the separation—so I left quietly the yet sleeping town, on the very morning after his heavy losses were known. I stood for two hours before dawn, beneath your window, and watched the fluttering of the white curtain in the morning breeze; but I dared not await your uprising. I hurried away to the vessel, and in two hours we were off in the rising sun. I have trodden the burning sands of India for years, to bring back to you the yellow gold so worthless to me unless shared with you; and when I once possessed it, I staid not for friend nor foe. Yonder white hair tells me how long I have been gone, and how much may have been suffered since my absence; but I am here again, and with a true heart to offer you, Evelyn; and if rejected—why India will take me to her warm bosom once more and until death. But you will think of me kindly, Evelyn; and we will watch over the gray head yonder together—you and I! You and I! How often I have lain on the hot sand, and turned my eyes heavenward, and longed to say those three simple words in your ear; to feel that I was not alone. Toiling for wealth, I longed to tell you that there was a time coming when those toils should be rewarded, and we might yet be happy. It rests with you, Evelyn, to banish me to India or not?"

There was no audible response to Richard Delamere's words, but she did not unlock the arms that held her; and it was evident enough that Evelyn acquitted him of all wrong or forgetfulness.

The old parlor was lighted up as if for a festival, and Olive's children were wandering about the floor, waiting impatiently for their mother's footstep on the stairs. It came at last—and then came Aunt Evelyn in bridal garments, her rich hair lying in soft braids above a forehead still white and pure as in her early youth; and, clasping the folds of her satin robe, was a beautiful brooch. It was a cameo of rare beauty, and the head of Richard Delamere, true to life, as if he

were standing before the artist when she carved it, was easily recognized by all present.

The old house still stands in its ancient steeple-ness. Careful hands have kept it in repair, and Evelyn's children play in the fields where so many generations of children played before. A new Evelyn and a new Olive walk those leaf-strewn paths, and are so like to their predecessors, that another Rip Van Winkle, awaking from a thirty years' sleep, might fancy them the same.

The little attic where Evelyn worked stealthily in olden times has been raised and enlarged. Against the walls, now painted of a sober, quiet hue, are ranged various figures of her moulding, in different states of progress, and in a little ebony cabinet, are kept beautiful specimens of the art she loves so well; but which she makes subservient to her duty as a wife.

#### KING OF HEARTS.

Comte was gallant towards sovereigns. At the end of a performance he gave at the Tuileries, before Louis XVIII., he invited his majesty to select a card from the pack. It may be that chanced the king to draw his majesty of hearts; it may be, though, that the conjuror's address produced this result. During this time the servant placed on an isolated table a vase filled with flowers. Comte next took a pistol, loaded with powder, in which he inserted the king of hearts as a wad; then turning to his august spectator, he begged him to fix his eye on the vase, as the card would appear just over it. The pistol was fired, and the bust of Louis appeared among the flowers. The king, not knowing how to explain this unexpected result, asked Comte the meaning of this strange apparition, adding in a slightly sarcastic tone, "I fancy, sir, that your trick has not ended as you stated." "I beg your majesty's pardon," Comte replied, assuming the manner of a courtier; "I have quite kept my promise. I pledged myself that the king of hearts should appear on that vase, and I appeal to all Frenchmen whether that bust does not represent the king of all hearts?"—*London Journal*.

#### HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

It is perfectly natural for all women to be handsome. If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth or in their training, or in both. We would therefore respectfully remind mothers that in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. There, girls do not jump from infancy to youthfulness. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the drawing-room, to dress, sit still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take to sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed in every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Plain, simple food, free and varied exercise, abundant sunshine, and good mental culture, are the secrets of beauty in after life.—*Ladies' Newspaper, London*.

[ORIGINAL.]

HELEN.

BY EDWARD L. HERTON.

Her life was one sweet music-strain,  
I ne'er shall know the same again;  
Where'er her spirit's impress dwelt,  
The keenest thrill of love was felt.  
What rays of pure, indwelling truth,  
Glance from the soul and heart of youth,  
To bless surrounding hearts with heaven,  
Were gifts by her unbounded given.

Dear gem of sacred youthful time,  
Of cold, but genial Northern clime,  
Much, much of fond idolatry  
Sweils sweetly from within towards thee.  
Life may in painful wanderings pass,  
And loneliness the soul harass;  
Still, dearest gift of summer day,  
Thy impress will forever stay!

[ORIGINAL.]

#### THE DOCTOR

—AND—

#### THE DOCTOR'S SON,

BY ANNIE M. LOVERING.

Now for school-teaching I was no better fitted than for the ministry—I mean as far as patience was concerned—yet it came into my head very suddenly one morning, as I sat in the broad old kitchen of my father's house, with my little brothers and sisters about me (and, indeed, there was a goodly array of them), that it was about time for me to be doing something in the world; something outside of the monotonous round of household duties which I performed day after day; something, perhaps, to relieve my father, in a small way of the burden that rested upon his shoulders. By this I do not mean that he was in debt, or that his goodly farm failed to give his large family a comfortable, happy support. Not at all. But let that question go without further discussion, and suffice it by saying that for very good reasons of my own, I resolved, as old people say, "to make a start in the world."

And so I started. How that was brought about, it would be tedious enough to relate; but this much I will say, that because of the idea born to me so suddenly on that spring morning, I was chosen—of the numerous applicants—teacher of some forty scholars at a distance of twenty miles from Cranston. I need not add that this was a source of great gratification to me, and that because of it I entered into a vast number of vague, happy speculations as to how

the summer would glide away—how the days, the long summer days, would seem as short as the shortest of winter ones—how I would teach the little children to love me, and by that means find a readier way of interesting them in their books. Dear me! it would fill a good-sized volume to write out all that I imagined and dreamed of the summer which I was to spend in the little village of Lester.

But "a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams;" not before I left home, because in such a case I might never have found courage to have left it; but just before I arrived at the scene of action.

"You are to teach in Lester village this summer, if I understand you rightly?" said the most gentlemanly of gentlemen before I left the cars at Lester.

The question was not an impertinent one after our brief, morning acquaintance, and so I answered it in all good faith, a little pompously, perhaps, for I was greatly impressed with the importance of my calling.

"Yes, sir, and I anticipate a very pleasant summer of it," I said.

"You do?"

He spoke in a quizzical tone, while the wisest and most inexplicable of smiles crossed his face.

"Yes, sir, and why not?" I asked, forgetting that my question was abrupt, and my manner somewhat disturbed.

"Nothing, only to realize your pleasant anticipations, you must meet a different fate from your predecessors for years back."

"And why, sir?" I questioned, my face getting redder and redder every moment.

"Because of all children under the sun, those of Lester village are the most unmanageable. In the course of a summer they usually succeed in dethroning two or three teachers."

He was a very handsome gentleman, as I said before, and as he said this in a pleasant, laughing way, displaying a set of perfect teeth, he grew handsomer than ever. But I did not think much of that, only of the thread of quiet exultation that I thought I detected running through his remark. I grew piqued in a moment, and answered him with a show of spirit which must have been quite amusing.

"They will not dethrone me!"

"Ah?"

He was, indeed, much amused, for he looked in my face for a full moment, as if to gather from it food for his merriment. At that I grew queenly, or at least what I thought to be so, and drew myself up as though there was a question of honor to settle. Just then the cars came to a

full stop, and the conductor gave his call—"Lester!"—so that I did not have a chance to answer—not his words, for they were simple enough in themselves—but his manner.

"I wish you much success," he said, as I left the cars.

"Thank you; your wish shall prove a prophecy."

That was the first that I heard of my Lester school, and I need not add that my spirits were somewhat dampened. But that I should conquer the unruly set of masters and misses I did not doubt for a moment.

"They'd do well enough if it warn't for the doctor's boy," my good-natured boarding-mistress said when I questioned her concerning my pupils. "He is the ringleader of 'em, and always has been."

That was enough for me to know. I would make friends with the doctor's son at the beginning. But that was easier said than done, I may as well confess at once. There was mischief enough in him to have stocked a little million of commonly roguish boys. Gain an advantage over him in one way, and he was doubly sure to gain one over me in another. If I attempted to reason with him, his answers would set the whole school in a hubbub, and if I threatened to punish him, a look of sheer defiance settled upon his bright face. He troubled me so deeply that I could not rest night or day, in school or out. That I grew pale and thin is not to be wondered at.

When my trial was at its height, I chanced to meet my acquaintance and prophet of the cars. Who he was, or what he was, I did not trouble myself to think. I did not even care. I had hoped to meet him again, but I preferred to have it at the time of my victory, not at my vanquishment.

"And how are you pleased with your school?" he asked, walking by my side in an easy, careless way, as though he was an acquaintance of years.

"I am delighted," I answered. "I cannot express to you how much so."

He laughed heartily. Looking into his face at that moment, I thought I could trace a very strong resemblance between him and the doctor's son, Frank Eldridge. A most unpleasant truth dawned upon my mind. A little angered I determined to make the most of it.

"The scholars are very well," I said, half maliciously. "I suspect that the trouble lies with their parents. The ringleader of all the mischief seems to have grown up in a most unhealthy atmosphere. I should say that his father was not

a very devout friend of Sabbath schools, and that would be a mild saying, indeed, and a charitable one on my part."

My words took immediate effect. A little flash of color appearing suddenly upon the gentleman's face, spoke plainer than words could have done. Seeing my advantage I continued, in a tantalizing way :

"People tell me that this Eldridge boy has not known a mother's care since his earliest infancy. That is self-evident. I have been more lenient, remembering this. But if it is a mother's care that he needs, I would advise his father, most heartily, to make an attempt to secure to him the care of some good, true woman."

"You would?"

He looked me fully in the face as he asked the question. I was not equal to the ordeal. I grew suddenly confused, and trying to answer him, stumbled upon three or four answers at the same time.

"Your advice is most excellent, Miss Lakin. I hope the unfortunate gentleman will be able to act upon it."

"So do I, most sincerely," I answered, blushing beneath his strange, questioning glance. "For the boy's sake, he would do well to make the matter one of importance until he succeeds," I added, more because I would not allow myself to be silenced by his gaze, than because I cared to speak.

"Perhaps you would be willing to aid the gentleman in question, since you were the first to suggest the idea? Would you?"

"I am no philanthropist," I answered, curtly, believing that he was making an attempt to quiz me. "I think too much of my life—"

I hesitated. I saw that I was going too far. The gentleman smiled. We were close by the school-house door, and the conversation could not go further. With a "good morning" he turned away, while I entered the school-room.

"Who was that gentleman?" I asked of a child, standing by the door.

"Dr. Eldridge, Frank Eldridge's father," was the reply.

I knew that well enough before, but hearing it verified by the child's lips sent my blood throbbing and beating loudly at my heart.

The day that followed that morning was not a pleasant one to me. Not that my scholars were unusually rude or boisterous—to the contrary, they were quieter than I had ever before known them; but somehow my conscience troubled me. Thinking of the motherless boy before me, I saw that in dealing with him I had put away from my heart that blessed charity which suffereth

long and is kind. I had called anger justice, and by it dealt with him. I had forgotten how warm, human words sink through the congealed surface of the heart, touching and stirring its purest depths.

I had blamed the father. And there I was wrong again. Of the world, I a woman, had the best right to look straight through his indulgence, to the fatherly tenderness that could not give birth to a reprimand or rebuke; to the love that could not, because of the mother resting in the grave, mete out the justice that the child merited.

How the tender hands of pity brought these overlooked truths before my eyes, until blinded by tears I could not see!

The next morning I met Dr. Eldridge again, and again he kept me company to the very door of the school-room. His tantalizing humor had not left him, and with a sly look in his clear, gray eyes, he assured me that the father of my unruly pupil had, indeed, taken my sage advice to heart. Was I glad to hear it?

"O, yes," I answered, in a sober, quiet way.

"Let one fact console you, Miss Lakin," he said, earnestly, "you have succeeded admirably with your school, and quite to the satisfaction of the villagers. There is a talk of having the summer term continued into the fall, since there is a stout fund of school money on hand."

"Dear heavens," I said, "I shall go crazy!"

"No, I hope not, unless you will consent beforehand to engage me as a medical adviser."

I did not answer him. I was in a poor mood to bear his teasings. Indeed, I could hardly keep back the tears at the thought of the many weeks of torture that they were planning out for me. For six weeks (half of the summer term) I had been trying to keep down the rebellion, and I had hoped to worry through the rest of my allotted time without a serious outbreak. But now, I could not hope for it. "War was inevitable, it must come." Before the thought, my good resolutions of the day before vanished like empty air. If to be mistress of the school-room I must use stick, whip and rule, then I would wield them. I would conquer or be conquered. I did not resolve upon this fully until I was informed that the school would be lengthened out six weeks into the autumn, allowing a vacation of one week in the meantime.

So the days dragged along, not one passing without Dr. Eldridge making his appearance somewhere in my way. Sometimes I was pleased to see him, perhaps always; but he had a strange, mischievous way with him that worked against my temper constantly. I think he liked

my little fits of passion, however, or he would not have provoked them continually.

And the school! Dear me, what a school it was! The trial of it wore me thin as a shadow. But affairs came to a climax one day. This was the way it was brought about. While hearing a recitation, one hot, sultry afternoon, I drew my chair into the middle of the floor, where there was a faint show of a breeze. I was directly in front of one of the aisles, and so seated that I could not see what was going on behind me. After dismissing the class, I made an attempt to rise, when to my utter dismay and horror I found myself, or my dress made fast to the chair. I tried to be very cool and collected, as I released myself, but my hands trembled violently, and I knew that my face was white with anger.

"Can any one tell me who pinned my dress to the chair?" I asked.

There was a dead silence. I repeated the question. Still no answer. I could interpret that easily enough. Not a scholar in school dared tell a tale of Frank Eldridge.

"You may walk this way, Frank," I said.

As though marching to a military drum, he came to the middle of the floor.

"I shall bear your impudence no longer," I began. "Either you or I must be at the head of this school. If my arm and ruler are as trusty as I think, I shall be mistress here."

"You don't dare ferrule me; my father—" he began.

"Let your father come here, and I will ferrule him too," I said, interrupting him.

"I'll tell him of that," he cried out.

"Do so, by all means," I answered.

And so I thrashed Frank Eldridge, soundly and smartly, till he begged for mercy like a three year old baby, and promised as humbly as I could wish to do better. There was a great uproar, in consequence of it, both in school and out. But what made the matter ludicrous in the extreme, was that the fact of my threatening to whip Dr. Eldridge (handsome, idolized Dr. Eldridge, the awe of the whole village, and the pride of the whole town) was noised about. At last it reached the doctor's ears, and as I had feared, he came just at the close of school, the next afternoon, to remind me of my threat.

"I have come for my whipping," he said, in a low tone, as I answered his loud rap at the door.

I do not know why, but the tears sprang to my eyes at this. It seemed unkind in him, almost cruel. I was afraid that he would notice how I was moved, and so I turned my head away, as I answered:

"I am very busy now, can you come in and wait?"

"Until after school, do you mean?"

"Just as you please—I have no time to spare now—I suppose you have come to undo my work of yesterday."

"Not I, believe me—"

"Walk in, if you please," I said, interrupting him. He was speaking so pleasantly and kindly that the tears were coming to my eyes again.

"Now my whipping, Miss Lakin," he said, after the last class was dismissed, and we were alone together in the old school-house.

"Dr. Eldridge, how unkind of you," I said.

"But I insist upon it," he answered, passing me my rule.

How exceedingly foolish I felt. How wretchedly he teased me. But there was no escaping from him, so I said, laughing and crying all together, "Give me your hand?"

"The right, I believe, is the one always claimed by ladies. But are you serious, shall I really give it to you?"

"Yes," I answered, coloring.

Taking the tips of his fingers in my left hand, I gave him a quick blow.

"A kiss for a blow," he said, raising my hand to his lips. "Strike away, dear, I shall never weary."

So I struck him again, once, twice, thrice.

"See which hand will get blistered first, yours or mine," he said, in high glee. "How happy you make me, and how good I am getting."

"And how bad I am growing every day," I cried, bursting into tears, and dropping my head upon the desk.

"Heaven forbid, Lizzie," he said, tenderly, the mockery going quite away from his voice. "I know that I have worried and troubled you, but my heart has been, and is, all right, my child. Do you remember what you said to me a long time ago, about marrying again? And do you know, that in spite of reason and prudence (for you are young and pure-hearted yet), I have hoped and prayed that sometime you might be the light and love of my bad, darkened heart, my darkened home? I love you, that is all I can say in pleading my case."

And that was enough. That blessed knowledge for a moment expiated all my sufferings in the turbulent school-room; ay, all that I had known in life, even.

"Then you meant it, in a small way, when you asked me to give you my hand?" he said, archly, as I held out my hands to him.

And I said "yes" in one breath, and "no" in the next. Which was right?